

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 476. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

PRICE 1½d.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEDISH WEDDING.

ST STEPHEN'S DAY.—Boxing-day as it is sometimes rudely called in England, to the infinite perplexity of foreigners, some of whom want to persuade me that it is among us made the festival of our great national art—St Stephen's Day is, in Sweden, in one sense, a greater holiday than its predecessor; it is observed in a less religious but more festive manner than Christmas. Shops and offices of all descriptions are closed; visiting, meeting, congratulating, eating, drinking, walking, sledge-driving, smoking, and talking, may well fill up a short winter-day. My post of observation is my window, looking over my favourite Place—Carl tretons Torg. What a scene I look down upon now! the whole street, the whole Place, covered with black figures moving over the snowy ground. Everybody is going out to dinner. You may know that such is the intention of these good people, for it is between two and three o'clock, and the women wear black hoods or black silk kerchiefs on their heads. Among true Swedes, no lady, young or old, goes out to a party or public place without a hood or kerchief, which is taken off on entering. Maid-servants, and decent women of the lower ranks, wear the kerchief at all times when abroad—a bonnet would be thought by them an impropriety, a 'setting up for something above them;' their entire costume is still appropriate and distinctive. May they long retain their own fashions, and scorn the tawdry bonnets, flowers, and imitative modes of a similar class among ourselves! To look out of my window on this bright day, and over this charmingly clear and snowy prospect, one might fancy that the whole of Stockholm was moving out to a great funeral. Festivities in Sweden are solemn-looking things. Black is the state-costume in every sense; only black or white can be worn at court, and black is still the state-dress of the plain and lower ranks. Formerly, it was used at every ceremonial or visit of importance; and to-day, the crowds of black figures moving in the bright sunshine, together with the always grave and quiet demeanour of the Swedes when out of doors, give one the idea of anything rather than the festive meetings to which all are hastening.

But are there no mourners left behind, no sick, no sorrowing? Are there no hidden mourners moving among them? Is the festivity of St Stephen's Day undarkened by a memory, unalloyed by a gnawing heart-pang? Why ask the question? They look happy, speak happily, walk along contentedly, looking as if the world were satisfied with them, and they were satisfied with the world. They are not thinking whether I, perched at the double window over their heads, make

an atom of that world or not; but instead of pursuing reflections which might make the good tender heart of my kind friend Frederika Bremer to ache, I will put on my cloak and a bonnet, to shew I am not going out to dinner; and then I will take a walk, and distract myself, as my French friends would say, in the only way I can.

The winter air of Sweden is very exhilarating out of doors; within, it is quite the contrary: the rooms are so warm, the walls and windows so thick, the closed-up stoves so oppressively hot, that they make me stupid, heavy, indolent as a native. Now, I am on Norrbrö, gazing at a scene that never tires. Here, looking at this beautiful Mälar, in its unfrozen part, sweeping between snowy boundaries, to cast itself into the Baltic, and at the widely-extended and brilliantly-white scene on either side, I get into a better humour than I was in my air-tight rooms, and forget to feel spiteful when I see fur-clad men pulling off their hats, and perhaps exposing a bald crown to the biting air, while they bow, and bow, and bow—three times is the mode—as if they were presented for the first time to the friends they salute; and then grasp them by the hand, clap them on the shoulder, or perhaps, on occasions, hug them in the arms, with all the warmth of brotherhood. And I forbear to envy the hooded women, who are constantly stopping on their way to courtesy down to the ground, and then to pull a hand from the inevitable muff, and extend it with a certain formal heartiness to meet another hand. I never have to pull out my hand from the wide sleeves of my furred cloak, which I try to persuade the Swedes answer for the muff, into which all classes, even without bonnets on their heads, must insert their hands. Voices are buzzing round me in congratulation or hopeful wishes. Perhaps even now some airy voice may syllable my name, but it does not reach me. Well, what matter? If I had to shake many hands, mine would be frozen; and if I had to say: 'Hur star det till?' to all the friends I met, my breath would be congealed, as it is on the countless mustaches and beards around me.

I returned alone, as I had gone out, and alone I was to be. There was no dinner dressed in the house this day; every creature had left the immense building, servants and all: a poor old woman was, I believe, in some remote corner, sent in just to see that no one ran away with it. I was alone, and had to make the best of my solitude. My respected and kind friends at the British Embassy had illness in their family, and no one else thought of the solitary stranger on that day of reunions; but there was good in this, too, for it taught me just to do the contrary if ever it

lay in my way. Well, darkness came on, the people were all housed; within some doors, all were jocund, hearty—I daresay, sufficiently noisy, for within and without makes a vast difference in Swedish manners; but everything outside was still, and having nothing to look at but the snow, with the lights here and there glittering over it; and nothing to hear, for all traffic and even motion were at an end, save the chance tingle of a stray sledge-bell—I found it was necessary to open the mental safety-valve, and therefore I took up my pen, when, as if to reward a good child, there came a ring to our door-bell, and I heard a voice outside asking the portress if the English Fruntimmer had gone out. I ran out on the bitterly cold stone passage, and called out 'Nay!'—a word which is as good in Swedish as in English, and then I had the pleasure of at last saying, 'How do you do?' on St Stephen's Day of visiting in Sweden.

'I have come, madame,' said this good Swede, with the usual number of bows, 'to bring you to a wedding. You said you would like to see a wedding in the old style—a real Swedish wedding. It is to be in the country, about four miles off. The house was once a pleasure-house of Queen Christina's; it is thought she walks there still. The sledge is at the door, if you will come.'

A Swedish wedding, and Queen Christina's ghost! I threw my pen away, ran into the next room, changed my dress, put on my cloak, pulled its hood over my head, and said 'I am ready,' before my Swede had had time enough to finish his bows. The sledge was waiting, and this was to be my first night-sledding; the horse was very large for a Swedish one, the carriage small and low; the driver stood on the board behind, holding the long reins, like a Hansom cabman, only the Swede never sits. In the clear twilight of that northern evening he looked strikingly picturesque, and quite in keeping with the white background of the *coup d'œil* we had in descending. A huge cape of black wolf or dog fur descended almost to his knees; a very high cap of the same, a sort of shako, surmounted his head, and was pulled down to his eyebrows; the fur-collar rose over his mouth, so that the vacant space left by the black fur revealed only the projection of a long turned-up nose, and a pair of small, vividly black eyes, the sole members exposed to sight or to frost.

I was dressed for a covered sledge, and found this was an open one. No matter: I preferred braving the keen air to returning up those dark, ice-cold stone stairs for more muffling. We got in; pulled the fur apron over us; I said 'Go on' in English, and my companion said 'Go on' in Swedish; the bells jingled; and we were off. The white ground, the clear calm air, the sparkling lights, were accessories to enjoyment. The sledge-bells sounded softly musical in the stilly air. 'They are quite lulling,' I said; 'they would incline one to sleep on a journey.'

'Yes,' said my Swede; 'I can assure you, madame, that our ladies in the country are often lulled to sleep by them when they are coming home at night, perhaps twenty or thirty miles—that is, of your miles—from the balls. But that is dangerous, oh, very dangerous indeed, to sleep at night in an open sledge; and then when they awake, they may also find themselves in the ditch.'

'And do your ladies travel at night in open sledges?' 'That they must certainly do if they go to country balls: but they muffle themselves well up.'

We were soon ascending the heights of Södor, or Södormalm, the south suburb of Stockholm. It was so beautiful! The lights from the many-windowed and unevenly-situated houses, the effects of which are an unceasing pleasure to me from my windows, were now sparkling out on the snow around, before, behind us; the palace was all lighted up; the old queen-dowager, I believe, entertained her royal and most

amiable son that day. We passed the water, or what was the water, where now the frost-bound ships and boats stood motionless and silent; the streets were as quiet as in the dead of night, yet it was scarcely six o'clock: only the half-frozen sentinels, and a strangely isolated-looking passenger, were to be seen. We got beyond the town. I beheld, for the first time in Sweden, a winter country-scene by night. My companion, assuring me that it did not always look so dreary, thought me very polite to him or his country, while all the time the admiration and pleasure expressed were real and heartfelt. The scenery was so new and picturesque to my eyes. The snow just then lay deep, the ground was abruptly broken into hills and hollows, the moon had not risen, yet all was distinctly visible in the clear twilight, and the large stars spangled the lofty sky: our tinkling bells warned a few walkers of our otherwise noiseless approach; but no decent woman in Sweden goes without a lantern, and the only one we met had hers in a curious fashion. I thought it was a moving lamp-post at a distance; but I found she had her lantern fastened like a great brooch to her person, in order that her hands should not be benumbed by holding it. At last, we left the public road, and ascended a hilly avenue to a very retired old house, which had once been a favourite villa of that famous, and perhaps still little understood personage, Queen Christina. The Swedes, who certainly relish a bit of scandal as much as any other of their national dishes, tell all sorts of stories about the origin of this retreat, which was then further removed from what was the fashionable side of Stockholm; but if this now common-place and dilapidated old house was really the scene of such adventures as they hint at, it is no wonder that the ghost of poor Queen Christina returns to visit, by the glimpses of the moon, the theatre of earthly and perhaps repented folly.

And when we got into this old house, it appeared as strange a place for a modern wedding, as for old-fashioned royal love. The hall was dark as well as ancient; and the doubting, half-frightened look of the man who opened the door, might lead us to the idea of some mystery, but to none akin to any ideas I could form of either of such circumstances. He led us about as if he did not in the least know where to take us or what to do with us. At last, we got into a small and quite unfurnished den; and he held a long thin candle for our service, but seemed afraid to act as Swedish servants always do, in pulling off and on boots and shoes, and stockings and cloaks, &c. Off this naked den was a gloomy closet, from whence a faint light issued. I penetrated its recess, in hopes of meeting the shade of Queen Christina, but I only startled that of a miserable-looking old man, who, without a chair, was leaning over the top of a high chest, using it as a table to read his psalm-book. But for that book I might have been frightened, and fancied I had been led wrong, and was to be made the heroine of my own romance, and to meet with all sorts of adventures. But the Swedish psalm-book has nothing to do with romance; and as few people read a good book when meditating a bad action, I dismissed all fear of robbers. At last, a young woman of my acquaintance ran into the room, exclaiming and scolding at my having been taken there. Then the facts of the case came out. The house and its premises were now a manufactory: the men I had seen were workmen, who had nothing at all to say to the wedding, poor fellows; and hearing me speak English to my companion, they never imagined that he could speak Swedish, or I either, and so let us do just as we liked. Another point which I began to understand was, that the house was lent only for the celebration of this wedding. As the bridegroom had to come a distance of fifty English miles on one side, and the bride about thirty on the other, they had agreed to begin a good rule in married life at the starting-post, and to meet

half-way even at the altar; the man, whose greatness, we think, consists in yielding, giving up nearly half the distance in honour of the weaker vessel.

Leaving the young woman of the house to complete the toilet we had suspended, I made my way alone to a large low-ceiled apartment, called in barbarised Swedish-French, *salong*, where an abundant supply of wooden logs was burning in an immense old stove, covered with what we call Dutch tiles. In the centre of this large, bare unfurnished room, and just under the glass chandelier, which hung from the low beam-supported ceiling, was placed a curious-looking object, like a small ottoman, covered with a great pall of cotton velvet, edged with gold lace, which had that sort of suspicious look that goods hired out on stated occasions generally acquire. Two small hassocks for kneeling on stood before it. At the upper end of the apartment, a handsome youth of one-and-twenty was standing beside a robed and solemn-looking priest, who, with snuff-box in hand, was applying to it, and speaking to him alternately. What affinity has a marriage and an execution? I do not know; but certainly I entered that room expecting to see the one, and I immediately thought of the other—the block, the culprit, the priest, I saw—the executioner alone was wanting; but perhaps the priest was to be his proxy. However it was, the effect on me was anything but suitable to either occasion, for I burst into a laugh. That the singular-looking block in the centre of the floor was designed to represent the altar, never entered my thoughts until, very soon after my entrance, I heard the clergyman observe, that the low-hung chandelier might set the bride's crown on fire. 'The crown! the crown!' was uttered by some voices at the door; and a few persons who were entering came forward, and, with the help of the young bridegroom, who had been standing beside the priest, removed the altar a little to one side.

This ceremony, I had been told, would take place at six o'clock, and at six I had come; but an hour or two in Swedish time makes not quite so much difference as a minute or two does in English. I spent each extra hour or two in as stupid and comfortless a manner as possible. The few persons who were in the room seemed to be awe-struck; the bridegroom behaved very properly, and shewed less impatience than the priest, whose looks would have threatened a premature matrimonial reprimand if he had been the chosen spouse of the dilatory bride; the restless eyes and nervous movements of the snuff-box were indicative of impatience. At length, a crowd of guests came trooping in; the women all in large white shawls, and nearly all in black silk dresses. Then soon after, there was a low murmur, and the priest started up, took a large pinch of snuff, used a coloured handkerchief, and, returning it to his pocket, drew out a very large clean white one, and rolled one corner round his forefinger, allowing the rest to hang down to his feet. The officiating clergy of Sweden always carry a white handkerchief thus; but as it is not, I suppose, a prescribed part of the Lutheran clerical habit, its purpose is quite puzzling to me. A slight movement on the part of the bridegroom turned my eyes to the door; it opened; a large party entered; the leader was a young, slight, rather delicate-looking girl, dressed in black, with a long sash of white ribbon round her waist, and a crown of the natural narrow-leaved myrtle on her head. Next to her came three young girls in white and coloured dresses; and then the relatives of the bride. The young man came forward, took the hand of the girl in black with the myrtle-crown, and silently led her up to the ottoman. The priest was already behind it, with open book and pendent handkerchief: a few minutes, and all was over. The most solemn silence prevailed. The matrons appeared to me universally to look upon their young sister with compassion, and the unaffiliated

girls to behold her with something like envy: the former at least began to weep, but Swedish tears flow readily. As soon as the ceremony was over, the bride had to bestow about 150 kisses, which was the number of persons present. And then—just when, as children say, she might seem to have given all her kisses away, she suddenly turned round, and with a look of recollection, murmured: 'Ack! my Alfred!' and threw herself into the bridegroom's arms. The embrace was momentary; and as I had just been presented to her, she looked at me, saying, by way, I suppose, of apology: 'I have not seen him for three months—never since we were betrothed.'

The company adjourned to the inner room, where a general feeling of solemnity seemed to prevail. At last, the usual libation of bad white German wine appeared, to drink the health of the young couple, and at the same time entered the clergyman, whose office was not yet over: he carried a glass of wine in one hand, and the insignia of office, the white handkerchief, hanging from his finger. He made a long speech, extolling the state of matrimony in general, and its peculiar blessedness in this particular instance, ending with advice and religious exhortation, which drew forth a renewal of tears from the married ladies. When this was ended, I began to think a Swedish wedding was about as dull a thing as an English one, and a little discontented, I strolled back again to the *salong*. A lady was at the piano, and I asked her if there would be any dancing, saying, I had understood it was to be such a wedding as I wanted to see—a real old-fashioned Swedish one.

'Ah!' she replied, 'there is no one disposed for dancing; they think too seriously for that. Yes, it is a serious thing to be married; and the priest's talk was so good! No, they will not dance to-night.' All the time, her fingers were moving the keys. The bride and her husband appeared at the open folding-door; his arm was round her waist—her hand rested on his shoulder. Under the circumstances, such an attitude did not strike me as remarkable; but they flew from their post in a waltz; and in a moment almost every one but myself was whirling round the room. To understand the real labour of dancing, one should dance as the Swedes do. The English, beside them, would seem to dance in their sleep. As for the polka and gallopade, the men almost lifted their partners from the ground; and I should have thought it impossible that such slight, weak-looking creatures could sustain movements so violent, especially in airless rooms, and throughout a long winter, when dancing is almost all the amusement and life of all classes. One poor young man was a singular evidence of the excitement of the dancing mania. He came from the borders of Dalecarlia; his long light hair was worn as the men there wear it, hanging straight down the sides of his face, not two features of which seemed to have the least connection with each other; his legs were as little akin, one being some inches shorter than the other. The bridegroom good-naturedly tried to get him to dance, but for some time ineffectually. Finally, he yielded; and when once set in motion, there seemed no probability that he would ever stop of himself: the long hair flew wildly up and down, the heterogeneous features breathed the strongest excitement, the short leg pounced on the floor; one would have thought he had got Terpsichore herself for his partner.

At eleven o'clock my sledge had been ordered; and at eleven I was about to retire, when the bridegroom's men, who had the charge of the entertainment, beset me with entreaties to remain to supper. Every one said they 'hoped the sweet Fruntimmer would not go away;' and when the bride told me that after supper her crown was to be danced off, and she hoped I would do her the honour to stay and look at her, I felt glad to consent to do what I wished. My open sledge was dismissed, and a covered one placed at my disposal.

This real desire to please and gratify a stranger was shewn throughout the evening. To the whole party I was quite unknown; and I now believe that much of what was performed on that evening was performed for my gratification, such weddings being now seldom seen. As soon as an enormous supper was hastily despatched, the salong was again cleared; a grave judge sat down to the piano, and struck up the wildest, most random-sounding music; all the unmarried people caught hands; all the married ones hastened to the furthest of the three rooms, which in Swedish are almost always *en suite*. Before I knew what was to be done, I found myself drawn along in a line, singing and moving to this wild music, through the open doors; while another band, formed at the further extremity, passed us, singing also, and capering in the same fashion. The bride and bridegroom were still in the band of the blessed single, and to keep them so there was to be a struggle. For my part, I would have let them go, if I had not wished to see the dancing fight. The poor little bride was now placed in the middle of the room, just under the chandelier; it was well she was so little; a handkerchief was tied over her eyes, and we women danced in a circle round her, while she in turns caught one and another in her arms, and swung her round and round with desperate energy; then the crown—loosened, shaking and tottering on her head—was to fall off on that of the girl who was to be next married. This movement was supposed to be accidental, the bride being blindfolded; but I happened to ask her sister beforehand if she hoped to get the crown, to which the girl rather sulkily answered: 'No, it must go to the other bridemaid, who is betrothed.' And so, on the head of the betrothed the myrtle-crown came down; and the choice it made was applauded by the men, who stood in an outer circle looking on, and clapped their hands when the *Fastnio* (betrothed) looked innocently confused at such an apropos accident. When her crown was off, I thought the play was over, but now came the struggle. The matrons made a dancing attack on the ranks of the single sisters, who enclosed the bride. The former were to take, the latter, to retain her, if possible. For my part, knowing we formed a forlorn-hope, and believing that the object of our defence was a traitor in the camp, I should, perhaps, had I thought about it, have done just what I did; but I did not think, for in the confusion I mistook one party for the other, and getting my arms round the passive bride, fairly drew her into the circle of matrons; and I daresay the captured one thanked me for putting an end to the contest.

Then the same thing was acted with the bridegroom, who had stood calmly looking on at his young wife's troubles, only his treatment was rougher and sooner over. The married men having got him, the single brethren seized him in their arms, and gave him a farewell fling towards the ceiling, which the interposition of the chandelier prevented his reaching. The horror of our poor hostess on this occasion formed the most laughable part of the scene: unable either to make herself heard or seen by the actors in it, and equally unable, I suppose, to resist the influence of the wild rattling music, she capered round the group, who were tossing the recreant, to the imminent peril of her chandelier, her arms and hands stretched out towards it, as if she fain would shelter it within them; her mouth wide open, and her eyes as full of terror as if she saw the royal ghost rattling the glass pendants, that shook and jingled at every heave of the bridegroom. At last, having fairly turned the soles of his feet to the ceiling, they turned them downward again, and set him on them, looking just as equable and pleasant as ever.

It was now three o'clock in the morning; the covered sledge was waiting, the great man of the party—there

is a great man at all parties—was to leave me at home. I endeavoured to express my thanks, but was met with expressions of great thankfulness for the honour I had conferred; and so I came away. I do not think that anything could give me a more favourable idea of the manners of the Swedish people than the conduct I saw on this occasion.

The company, with the exception of the one great man in a civil uniform, were all of the lower rank of the trading classes. The handsome young bridegroom was, I think, foreman to a distiller; but, so far as a foreigner could judge, their manners were as unexceptionable as any I have met in the highest circles of their country; no word, look, or movement could offend the most delicate taste. Together with the absence of all awkward restraint, there was an evidently unassumed and all-pervading observance of the strictest decorum and politeness; and with the exception of that abominable practice of spitting—in which the priest was most proficient—in the corners of the room, there was not the least appearance of coarseness or vulgarity to be observed. Their politeness and good-will to myself I shall not readily forget.

At three o'clock precisely on that December morning, we walked down the snow-covered hill to meet the sledge which waited at its foot. The poor horses would have been the better for a share in the wild dance. The driver was a powerful man, so swathed in gray fur that not a bit even of his nose was visible; an English sportsman might have shot him in mistake for a bear. But the moon was now up, and such a moon as the Swedish one is! hanging between heaven and earth, distinct in the clear atmosphere, so large, so bright, and shedding that pale white light by which I have read a psalm in my prayer-book without spectacles.

The great man of the party insisted on leaving me at home, although he passed his own house, and I had my friend still with me; and as he unhappily heard me express a dislike to cigars, he insisted on sitting beside the driver, leaving the whole of the inside of his sledge to us. These things are of not the least consequence in themselves, but they are of consequence in indicating the manners of a people.

The lantern always accompanies carriages, whether the moon shines or not, and walkers too; but the streets of Stockholm are not lighted when the almanac says the moon ought to shine. There is no gas, and oil is better spared than spent. The windows of the queen-dowager's apartments were still lighted as we passed the palace; shutters are not used in Stockholm, nor blinds commonly. They say her majesty sits up all night, but does not lie in bed all day, so that her old maids of honour have rather a waking life; they tell you she breakfasts at six in the evening, and dines at eleven at night.

I had brought a wax-taper in my pocket, and the key of the court-door. I lighted my taper at the judge's lantern, locked the court-door when he had ended his farewell bows; and having dismissed both him and the Swedish friend who had taken me to see the wedding, I mounted the hideous, dark stone stairs, and applied the key to the house-door where I lived; but, alas! it had been St Stephen's Day, and some of the other dwellers there having come home long before me, had bolted the door inside! The idea of finishing the night of St Stephen's Day sitting on the cold, dark, terrible-looking stone stairs, set me, I suppose, into a state of desperation; and the violent bodily exercise to which I had been subjected stimulated my powers, so that I applied to the door in a manner that caused no little terror to my ancient hostess. Not even my voice would persuade her it was I, until she examined my rooms and found them empty. 'Why, madame,' said she, when she let me in, 'how could I think you were not sleeping, when I know that in England no one goes out on St Stephen's Day?' and as

she thinks she knows more of my country fashions than I do myself, I only replied: 'Well, for once I did go out on St Stephen's Day to see an old-fashioned Swedish wedding.'

GOLD-DIGGING COMPANIES.

It will be observed, that the marvellous success which attends the operations of individual gold-diggers, has induced a spirit of speculation in getting up joint-stock companies for the purpose of employing capital and machinery in the grand process of gold-seeking. Every one who reflected at all on the subject, knew that these companies could not possibly do any good; in fact, it was certain they could not be put in practical operation; and warnings to that effect were given by the daily press. Nevertheless, companies were formed in London, and bodies of officers and labourers, with all fitting apparatus, were despatched to Australia. Late accounts shew the entire fallacy of such undertakings, and those who have ventured their money on the results, will regret their credulity and precipitation.

It might have been foreseen from the very first, that no labouring man would continue to work for a stipulated wage, as the servant of a company, when he had the prospect of making ten times more money, by depending on his own independent exertions. In the region of the diggings, hired labour is out of the question. There the labourer finds it most profitable, as well as most pleasant, to be his own master; and it is a piece of egregious folly to expect, that in such circumstances men will accept of wages and work to the order of superiors. Englishmen would seem to be slow in apprehending the force of this principle. Accustomed to see great things effected by a union of capital, skill, and the most ingenious machinery, they think that this systematised combination will do anywhere; and so they rush into the most frantic speculations. They forget that their system will apply only to an old country overcrowded with people, who are glad to get a living by hiring themselves as subordinate agents. Remove these necessary assistants, thin the population, and capital, science, and machinery will prove next to useless.

All this of course is called *theory*, and theory is abhorrent to the practical-minded Englishman. He must see the thing proved in a business sort of way, before he will give it full credit. If, so let him peruse the report sent home from Melbourne by Mr Webb, the manager, and Mr Rulland, the engineer, of a concern designated the Australian Gold Mining Company (London newspapers, January 13). Serious as this report really is—and no laughing matter is it to many—there is something comical in the clear way in which the writers describe the hopelessness of keeping together on day-wages a party of English operatives they had brought with them. We may be allowed to extract a few passages; for so fine a practical example of the theory we have been alluding to, should not be lost.

The reporters proceed to state 'the utter impracticability of a public company carrying on the operations of gold-washing in the colony of Victoria under the existing state of affairs.' They say, 'in the first place, every party of three or four men who proceed to the diggings on their own account, are all of them most certain of getting an ounce [worth L.3, 10s.] per day each, and therefore the temptation would be too great for our men, working in the vicinity of the free diggers, and hearing the daily accounts of their astonishing success, not to wish to try for themselves in the same independent manner; and the great obstacle we should have to contend with, after going to the enormous expense of taking them up there, with the necessary implements, would be their desertion, although bound to the company by agreements which are perfectly legal

in this colony, and which, at the same time, would prevent them obtaining a licence from the government commissioner if they could be traced out. But, then, where there are upwards of 80,000 people dispersed about at the various diggings, and where a man may change his name as often as he pleases, it would be almost impossible, by a mere personal description, for the few policemen that are there to find him out; and therefore the conclusion naturally to be drawn from this is, that after we had got the men at work, and they found themselves in the gold-fields without having gone to any expense, and had got sufficient money in hand to purchase a few provisions, they would desert in parties of three and four, and work on their own account.'

Other difficulties are referred to. Licences are granted only to individuals, not to companies; the machinery, if put up, would be attacked by the independent workers; the local executive is too feeble to enforce the law; the cost of inland transport is enormous; in short, the establishment of a great joint-stock concern at the diggings is pronounced to be an impossibility. Incidentally, a statement is made respecting the wages paid in Melbourne to artisans and others; and these payments in themselves would baffle the attempt to hire the labour which would be remunerative to a company. 'The price of labour here,' say the reporters, 'is almost incredible:—Blacksmiths, L.9 per week; carpenters and masons, from L.8 to L.10 per week; and draymen, with fetching water, &c., are making about L.4, 10s. per day.' Such an extraordinary statement, we verily believe, was never made before. Assuredly, Australia is the paradise of manual labourers; and with these accounts before them, the wonder is, how any able-bodied operatives remain in this country. Ignorance of the true nature of the facts, together with inability to raise the few pounds requisite to carry them off, can alone explain the phenomenon.

Will the foregoing particulars respecting the abortive attempts of the Australian Gold Mining Company be sufficient to arrest the mania for throwing away money in this class of undertakings? We scarcely expect that they will. It is long before all the world becomes wise; and while there are simpletons, there will be no lack of adventurers to take advantage of their simplicity. We accordingly expect still to see the columns of the newspapers crowded with seductive advertisements of Great Gold-Digging, Nugget-Excavating, and Quartz-Crushing Companies. When a proper sum of money has been lost, the delusion may possibly vanish.

WORDSWORTH'S PICTORIAL GREECE.

NEW EDITION.*

THIS, in its exterior, is one of the most elegant volumes of our age. The capabilities of cloth-binding were never before so triumphantly displayed, because the simple material was never before adorned with so chaste and graceful a fancy. The mechanical part of the book is in admirable keeping with its classical subject; and this subject is rendered, in the present edition, to some extent complete, by the addition of a department devoted to the characteristics of Greek art. The whole work is so profusely illustrated, that there is hardly a page without an engraving either on steel or wood; and many of the latter kind are quite equal, in beauty and effect, to the best specimens of the former. The wood-engravings, it may be added, have all, even the most minute, that recently-invented ground which imitates India paper exactly, and gives an uncommonly rich appearance to the page. We

* *Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. A new edition, carefully revised, with numerous Engravings, and a History of the Characteristics of Greek Art. Illustrated by George Scharf, Junr., Esq. Imperial 8vo. London: Orr. 1853.

consider it our duty to draw attention to these external matters, the besetting sin of the time being tawdriness in ornamentation; and we heartily sympathise with the honourable pride which closes the preface in these words:—'It may not be unbecoming in the publishers here to express their belief, that by the aid of the author, artists, and engravers, and of the more humble but indispensable powers of the press, they have been enabled to erect a *Pœcile* and *Lyceum*, in remembrance of Greece, such as *Hadrian*, in all the imperial power of *Rome*, would have attempted in vain.*'

In the preliminary chapter, even the general reader will be struck with the sudden development acquired by Greek art, and its sudden decline. Before the building of the temple of *Theseus* in 466 *B.C.*, the few good artists held the same place in merit, when compared with their successors, as the Italian artists before the time of *Raphael* did with theirs. From that period, through the reign of *Pericles*, and till the accession of *Alexander* in 336 *B.C.*, art advanced triumphantly to its culminating point; when, falling gradually from the station of a mistress into the servility and adulation of a slave, it at length sunk into absolute barbarism. An instructive essay might be written on these striking facts—an essay, however, for which *Mr Scharf* had no room, and which is out of our scope in these pages.

It is hardly necessary to characterise a volume so well known; but we may say, that its peculiar merit consists in the life-like manner in which it blends the description of actual localities, drawn from personal observation, with the ancient associations. We say 'life-like,' because the author, in passing from place to place, does not content himself with history or tradition. He rebuilds and repeople every ruin he surveys, till he does for all Greece what one of the artists has done for Athens—representing the city as it appeared to the eyes of *Pausanias*. As an example of this we may give the following:—'If the eye passes,' says *Dr Wordsworth*, 'to the south-west from the *Theseum*, over the small mound of *Colonus*, not that outside the walls, but the tumulus which stands at the northern entrance of the *Agora*, it will rest on a low hill sloping down to the north at the western verge of the city, and at a quarter of a mile to the west of the *Acropolis*.' Having thus fixed the locality, he conducts the spectator to a large semicircular area, bounded at the base or diameter by a wall of limestone rock, from which projects a solid pedestal—carved out of the rock—ascended by steps. This area is the *Pyxæ*—the place of public assembly for the people of Athens; and there they stood in the open air, in no house made by art, nothing but the hearn wall in front, and behind, bounding the semicircular curve, another wall of polygonal blocks. 'To form an idea of an Athenian assembly in the flourishing times of the republic, we must imagine this open space, consisting of about twelve thousand square yards, occupied by nearly six thousand citizens seated in groups within it. In the presence of this vast multitude, one man arises: he ascends the stone steps, and takes his station on the pedestal, which is called the *Bema*, at the centre of the perpendicular rock. He has before him not merely these six thousand Athenians, but the city of Athens. Lying at a little distance beneath him, he beholds the *Agora*, filled with statues, and altars, and temples; and he is thus brought into the presence of the great men of old, the heroes and the deities of Athens. Beyond it he sees the *Areopagus*, the most ancient and venerable tribunal of Greece; above it, on the right, is the *Acropolis*, presenting to his eyes the wings, the portico, and pediment of the

noble *Propylæa*; towering above them in the air, and looking towards him, is the bronze colossus of *Minerva Promachus*, armed with helmet, spear, and shield, appearing from her proud eminence to challenge the world in defence of Athens; rising in severe and stately splendour to the right, is the *Parthenon*, exhibiting its front of eight huge marble columns, surmounted with sculptured metopes and pediment, filled with marble figures of horses, men, and gods, dazzling the eye with painting and with gold. Visible to the north, beyond the city and its walls, are the plains and villages of *Attica*, its corn-fields, its olive-grounds, and its vineyards, lying in rural quietness, made more peaceful by its contrast with this stirring scene: further in the distance are the castellated passes of *Phyle* and *Decelea*; and in the horizon, the high mountain-ridges of *Parnes*, *Brilessus*, and *Pentelicus*.

'Such are the objects which the Athenian orator sees before him from this pedestal of stone. To his left is the road to *Eleusis*, the Sacred Way, which, passing through the beautiful suburb of the *Cerameicus*, and by the groves of the *Academy*, and crossing the stream of the *Cephissus*, climbs over the western heights of *Mount Egaleos*; visible in the rear are the two long lines of wall, which, running along the plain for nearly five miles, unite the city with the *Piræus*. There are the masts of vessels riding in the harbour, merchantmen bound for *Pontus*, *Egypt*, or for *Sicily*; fleets which have gained for Athens empire and glory in distant lands—in the islands of the *Ægean*, in the peninsula of *Thrace*, and on the coast of the *Euxine*. Further to the left is the glorious Gulf of *Salamis*; on one side of it is the hill on which *Xerxes* sat to view the battle fought beneath him; and on the other is the Cape, where stands the trophy of *Themistocles*.

'Such is the scenery of the *Pyxæ*; such are the objects which surround the Athenian orator as he stands on its *Bema*. In their presence, he speaks. In dread, therefore, mixed with delight, inspired by such a spectacle, he proceeds to address his vast audience, like a general going to a battle, when he sees the flags and banners of his country's glory unfurled and streaming before his eyes.

'These objects are to the Athenian statesman and orator, standing on the rostra of the *Pyxæ*, what his brave *Epirots* were, in after-ages, to *Pyrrhus* upon the plains of Italy. They are the wings which waft him to glory. They are also, if we may so speak, the levers by which he uplifts his audience—for they stir their hearts as well as his own. Let no one, therefore, wonder that in such a soil as this eloquence flourished with a vigour elsewhere unknown.

'Not alone to their natural genius, though in that they stood pre-eminent; nor to rules of art, though ingeniously contrived and elaborately studied; nor to frequency of rhetorical exercises, nor to the skill of their teachers, though they were well disciplined by both; nor yet to the sagacity of their audience, though in that they enjoyed a high privilege, was Athens indebted for the thunders and lightnings of oratory in *Pericles*, for the torrents of eloquence in *Demosthenes*, but also, and especially to these objects, which elevated their thoughts, moved their affections, and fired their imagination, as they stood upon this spot. The school of Athenian oratory was the *Pyxæ*.'

In the same spirit our author accounts for the enthusiasm with which scenic representations were viewed by the people of Athens.

'From the combination of artificial and natural scenery which the Athenian theatre supplied, the imaginary elements of its drama became real, and the real became idealised. For example, if the subject treated by the poet was the story of the house of *Atræus*, the spectator saw in the distance the hills of the *Peloponnesus*, beneath which the hero of the tragedy dwelt, and whither the audience could transport itself

* Alluding to the emperor's villa of memorials at *Tivoli*, in which an imitative *Vale of Tempe* was watered by a new *Pineus*, and adorned with a *Pœcile*, a *Lyceum*, and an *Academic Grove*.

by an easy effort of imagination; if the adventures of Hippolytus invited their attention, the city and shore of Troezen, where he abode, were still nearer to their eyes; if the acts of Medea, the lofty summit of the Acrocorinth, beneath which they were performed, gave them a local and historical reality: if the exploits of their own ancestors at Salamis, the bay itself was before them in which those deeds were achieved; if the deities of heaven or earth or sea took part in the action of the drama, the elements themselves were at hand, from which they had stepped to visit the dwellings of men. Thus the spectators and the spectacles which they witnessed were blended together in unity, and were received into the heart of things.'

The influences which consecrated the Olympic Games in the imagination of the Greeks, are described with great spirit.—'The Olympic Games were celebrated once in four years. They lasted for five days, and terminated on the full-moon which succeeded the summer-solstice. Contrasted with the particular era which served for the chronological arrangement of events in distinct provinces of Greece, the epoch supplied by their celebration to all the inhabitants of the Hellenic soil deserves peculiar attention. While the succession of priestesses of Juno at Argos, and the Ephors at Sparta, and the Archons at Athens, furnished to those states respectively the bases of their chronological systems, it was not a personage invested with a civil or sacerdotal character who gave his name to the quinquennial periods observed as measures of time by the whole of Greece; it was he who was proclaimed victor, not in the chariot-race of the Hippodrome, but as having outrun his rivals in the stadium at Olympia. A reflection on the rapid course of time, that great racer in the stadium of the world, might well have suggested such a practice; and it is very remarkable as illustrating the regard paid, by the unanimous consent of the states of Greece, to those exercises of physical force that preserved them so long from the corruptions of luxury and effeminacy, into which, through their growing opulence and familiarity with Oriental habits, they would very soon otherwise have fallen. Olympia was the Palestra of Greece. The simplicity of the prizes, the antiquity of their institution, the sacred ceremonies with which they were connected; the glory which attached not merely to the victor, but to his parents, his friends, and country: his canonisation in the Greek calendar; the concourse of rival tribes from every quarter of the Greek continent and peninsula, to behold the contests and to applaud the conqueror; the lyric songs of Pindar or Simonides; the garlands showered upon his head by the hands of friends, of strangers, and of Greece herself; the statue erected to him in the precincts of the consecrated grove, by the side of princes, of heroes, and of gods; the very rareness of the celebration, and the glories of the season of the year at which it took place, when all the charms of summer were poured upon the earth by day, and the full orb of the moon streamed upon the olive groves and the broad flood of the Alpheus by night. These were influences which, while they seemed to raise the individual to an elevation more than human, produced a far more noble and useful result than this—that of maintaining in the nation a general respect for a manly and intrepid character, and of supporting that moral dignity and independence which so long resisted the aggressions of force from without, and were proof against the contagion of weak and licentious principles within.'

We conclude with an interesting incident in the history of Messenia. The capital of that state was taken by the Spartans, 200,000 of its inhabitants reduced to slavery, and the rest chased beyond the sea. Many generations passed away; but at length the descendants of the Messenians returned, in the year 370 B.C., to the ruins of their ancient homes, where they proceeded 'with

the sound of flutes and pipes and vocal melody, and with the sacred pomp of procession and of sacrifice, to rebuild on the ridges of Mount Ithome their city which had so long lain desolate. That day was the return to them from a captivity of near three centuries. The responses of the augurs, who were consulted whether the new city would prosper, were favourable. The victims were propitious. Everything bore the aspect of hope and joy. Artificers of every kind were present, materials flowing in from all quarters, temples rising, and streets stretching along the vacant space; a new Messene grew up on the site of the old, like a fabled city charmed into life by the sound of the Orphean lyre. In order to connect themselves with their progenitors, and with the powers of heaven, they invited to come and dwell among them, by special invocations, their own heroes of ancient time—Eurytus, Aphareus, Cresphontes, Æpytus, and, above all, with the unanimous voice of the whole city, the great Aristomenes, and those deities who were believed to wish well to the Messenian state. The work of building was carried on, as it had begun, with the sound of the Argive and Boeotian flute.'

STORM PHENOMENA: CYCLONES.

THE present year has been so remarkable for storms, as to multiply suddenly and largely the data by which meteorologists are endeavouring to account for the phenomena which attend, and the causes which produce them. Before long, the observations which have been made in different parts of the country will be reduced and discussed, and compared with those noted in other countries, and the facts that come out will go to increase our knowledge of the subject. Meanwhile, use is being made of the storms of past years for the furtherance of the inquiry; and a sketch of some of the results may prove interesting.

Hitherto the investigations have helped to confirm the theory of the rotation of storms; the direction of the rotatory movement being the same as that of the atmosphere generally about the pole in either hemisphere: from right to left, or left-handed, as sailors say, in the northern, and from left to right in the southern. The effects produced are, as is well known, most marked in intertropical latitudes; such opportunities for observation, however, as occur in temperate climates, are found to come within the same law of explanation. In June of 1851, at the close of a hot day, Mr Cooper of the Observatory at Markree, near Sligo, noticed a flash of lightning, and calculated the thunder to be at six miles' distance. Some people were playing at quoits under one of his windows, and, as he relates, 'perceiving that there was scarcely any wind, I told them that they need not be afraid of the storm, as the lightning was so distant. A quarter of an hour later, and in an instant of time, a strong breeze arose, followed almost immediately and as instantaneously by a most extraordinary shower of rain, with hail. In five minutes, the road under the window was a sheet of water; the quantity was so great, that the rain penetrated through the ceilings of two stories of the house. It lasted for fifteen minutes, during which time there fell one and a half inch depth of rain. This singular phenomenon moved in a direction nearly at right angles with the magnetic meridian, from south-west towards north-east. A lady who was in a room with a southern aspect, saw the rain approaching, and described it as appearing like a dark sheet.' There was a storm at the same place in August 1846, when rain fell averaging forty-two inches for the day—an amount which, great as it is, becomes insignificant when compared with the fall in the brief storm of June, above mentioned, which was at the rate of twelve feet per diem. 'I think,' adds Mr Cooper, 'that this last shower may have enabled us to form some idea of the Deluge; for, had it lasted forty days and

nights, the depth of water would have been 480 feet! without the breaking up of the waters of the great deep.'

No observations of this storm appear to have been made at other places, and we are in ignorance as to its further course; but in the sudden burst of wind, and impetuous discharge of rain, we see some of the recognised leading phenomena. In another instance, which also occurred in Ireland, they are more distinctly traceable: the storm of November 1850, which began about midnight on the 18th, and continued till 2 P.M. of the following day. It was preceded and accompanied by the usual signs, which are, as stated by the Rev. Dr Lloyd in his account of the storm, laid before the Royal Irish Academy—'the moving of the wind through an angle, varying from 0 degrees to 180 degrees at a given place, its magnitude depending on the proximity of the centre of the cyclone; the gradual increase and subsequent decrease of its force; and the fall and rise of the barometer.' The rotatory character of this storm was fully observed and established; and it afforded complete and satisfactory illustration of what takes place at such atmospheric disturbances. 'The centre of the vortex,' we are told, 'had a progressive motion from west-south-west to east-north-east, and reached the western shores of Ireland about 3 A.M. of the 19th, and quitted the north-eastern about 3 P.M. of the same day.' Its course may be readily followed on the map. At nine in the morning of the 19th, the wind was blowing from the north at Killybegs, from south at Donaghadee, south-east at Portrush, north-west at Castletownsend, south-south-east at Armagh, and north-north-west at Markree: from these data, the position of the central point somewhere between these stations becomes manifest. Wherever the centre passes, there is a lull of wind, with a reversal of its direction; and at this juncture occurs the minimum pressure of the barometer.

In this period of calm and of minimum pressure, two means are found for ascertaining the rate of motion. At seven in the morning, the lull took place at Markree; at Armagh, at half-past eleven; and at Donaghadee, at one in the afternoon: these places consequently shew the line of direction. The same facts would be ascertained by noting the time of minimum pressure, but not so satisfactorily. The rate of progression was fourteen miles an hour. With the given data, it is possible also to ascertain the dimensions of the vortex. As Dr Lloyd observes: 'The interval between the commencement of the storm, and the passage of the centre, at Armagh, was 16½ hours; and, the velocity being fourteen miles an hour, the distance between the front of the vortex and the centre was 230 miles. We have grounds for believing that the posterior portion of the vortex was more considerable, and, consequently, that it deviated from a circular form; but the gradually diminished force of the gale in the latter portion, renders it impossible to fix its close with precision. The total diameter in the direction of the progressive movement probably exceeded 500 miles. The magnitude of the nearly quiescent portion of air in the centre of the vortex is better defined. At Armagh, the lull lasted from three to four hours; at Markree, three hours; and at Donaghadee, four hours. The diameter of the quiescent central portion was therefore about fifty miles.' Among the irregularities, or inexplicable effects, which more or less accompany all natural phenomena, it was noticed that the force of this storm was far greater south of the line of passage of its centre, than on the north, the highest speed of the wind being fifty-five miles an hour for the former, and thirty miles for the latter. The causes of these apparent anomalies, as well as of other phenomena that occur in storms, have yet to be sought for and explained; and there is reason to hope that the subject, before long, will be cleared of some

of its difficulties. From the description given above, many persons would be able to understand and account for the effects produced; and if these are noted down carefully, they may always serve as data for the philosopher. Ireland will do its share of the work, for a meteorological survey has been established in that country under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy; and the men of the coast-guard service are employed to make daily observations and readings of instruments. In a communication read at the last meeting of the British Association, which may be considered as the first-fruits of this arrangement, Dr Lloyd stated, that the observations gave evidence 'of the frequent occurrence of cyclonic movements in the atmosphere. . . . The rotatory movement of the air, which constitutes a cyclone, is by no means confined to the more violent currents, but may be traced even to the gentlest breeze.'

As before observed, the phenomena of cyclones are most remarkable in the equatorial regions; and now that our authorities are better impressed than formerly with the value of scientific research, many of the officers, civil and military, employed at distant stations, are men qualified to take note of passing phenomena. By this means our knowledge of facts is largely increased from all quarters every year. Among the latest observations are those of Dr Baddeley, of the Bengal artillery, published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. This gentleman had long watched the dust-storms which are of such frequent occurrence in India, presenting themselves generally as a broad wall of dust, composed of a number of separate columns, all advancing rapidly and in regular rank, and accompanied during their passage by sudden and violent gusts of wind. While moving forwards, they have also a rotatory movement around an axis within themselves; and Dr Baddeley considers them to be cyclones on a small scale. After repeated observation of these locomotive masses of sand, and following them on horseback, he frequently saw that they diminished from five or six feet diameter to a single band or column not more than a foot in diameter, rotating on a conical point which touched the earth. It had what appeared to be a vermicular spiral motion; and in one instance, at the height of fifty or sixty feet, there was a twist or bend, similar to what sailors call a *kink* in the cable. It ceases gradually to rotate from above downwards, the cone being the last portion that whirls; and when this stops, the whole ascends and disappears.

On the supposition of a dust-storm being a cyclone in miniature, this 'band seems to indicate the ultimate thread of the electrical spiral mass of which the whirlwinds are composed;' and Dr Baddeley believes that all rotatory storms are produced by the rotation of electrical spiral threads, either singly or in bundles. He finds the electric tension to be at its maximum during their passage, and that the electric fluid streams furiously down the insulated wire in proportion to the strength of the gust. It would appear from this, that electricity is the motive-power of a cyclone; a whirling zone, outside of which blow centripetal winds with more or less of violence, the rotation being, as above stated, for either hemisphere. As the earth spins round, it is only at the equator that the motion is equable in its effect on surrounding matter, but becoming less and less as it approaches the poles; hence the rotation of matter on either side of the equator in a spiral and not a parallel line, and one of the causes for the peculiar movement of storms.

As regards the origin of these phenomena, Dr Baddeley says: 'The mass of electrical matter of which the body of the cyclone is composed, descends, I presume, as in the case of the small whirlwinds, from the sky to the earth, in the form of a spiral, working downwards; and its subsequent movements and the track may depend in a great measure on causes connected with

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the earth's rotation, and upon the prevailing surface winds.'

'To illustrate,' he continues, 'this idea of the progression and rotation of a cyclone in a definite course, spin a tee-totum, provided with a glass tube drawn out to a fine point, containing ink, on paper laid perfectly flat.'

'When the tee-totum is what boys call asleep, give it a slight puff with the breath, horizontally; this will cause an obliquity of the axis of rotation, and at once induce a revolving motion, and also a progressive one in some particular direction; and the toy will be found to describe exactly the peculiar motions of the cyclone, both rotatory and progressive; and by spinning it one way or the other, familiar illustrations may be afforded of the manner in which a rotatory storm works in the northern and southern hemispheres.'

Evidence confirmatory of electrical influence is not wanting. In the summer of 1847, Captain Gastrell was experimenting with an electro-magnetic machine at Cawnpore; the wire coil being about two hundred yards in length, and the battery of twelve or sixteen pairs. The whole was in action, and sparks passing freely, when a dust-storm came up from the west, and passed directly over the house. As it approached, 'the action of the magnet decreased gradually, until, in the dead lull or calm that usually precedes such storms, it ceased revolving.' But precisely in proportion to this decrease, the battery increased in intensity of action; and to leave no room for doubt, certain changes of the apparatus were made to verify the fact. 'No sooner, however, had the storm of dust passed, and light rain begun to fall, than the action of the battery became quieter, until the hissing sound ceased, and the magnet again began to revolve. Sparks of course passed, and shortly the magnet revolved as quickly as it did previous to the storm.' The explanation given for this phenomenon is, that there is some point in a storm which, passing over a magnet, deprives it for the time of its polarity; but this is a question to be decided by future observation.

Captain Gastrell adds, that once, when on a march in the Punjab, his regiment was 'caught in a dust-storm, followed by very heavy rain and vivid lightning. When the rain fell, the points of the men's bayonets, and the peaks of the officers' caps, were seen tipped with that well-known electrical appearance called St Elmo's Light; and this appearance continued for some minutes—a quarter of an hour perhaps.' This fact proves the presence of electricity, if nothing more; and strengthens Dr Baddeley's view, that 'the electric spirals are the exciting cause of wind in all storms, and of the gusts or squalls in particular; and of wind generally during the daytime in tropical climates.'

Perhaps the difference in the rate of speed of opposite sides of a storm, may be caused by a difference in the amount of electrical charge at various parts of the revolving zone; and the fall of the barometer which precedes the approach, is probably to be accounted for by the upward whirling motion which takes place in the air, and lightens the pressure at the surface of the earth. As this upward movement is such a mighty agent in raising prodigious quantities of dust into the atmosphere, it may be well to give Dr Baddeley's account of its mode of operation. 'The electrical spiral,' he says, 'rotating and working like a screw, from above downwards, sets in motion, by its centrifugal action, a stratum of air immediately surrounding it. Outside this, again, another circle of winds will be found blowing centripetally; and the two meeting will, by their mutual action and reaction, continuous throughout, form an ascending spiral current of air, working a reversed spiral upwards, the two motions being well represented by two coils of wire wound in opposite directions laid one over the other.'

If dust can be raised in this way, so can water; in

which view, it is as easy to explain the cause of water-spouts as of whirlwinds. As regards the dust, the quantity taken up is inconceivable; it rises to a height of some thousand feet, until its whirling clouds ascend beyond the reach of vision. It is a curious question: What becomes of it all? The fall of dust-showers will account but for a small portion. Is the remainder the cause of luminous appearances seen in the atmosphere; and does it accumulate until, acted on in some way, it falls as *aérolites*? These are questions for the future to answer.

Again, are these electric spirals in any way the cause of the aurora? Sixty years ago, Dalton suggested that 'we are under the necessity of considering the beams of the aurora borealis of a ferruginous nature, because nothing else is known to be magnetic; and consequently, that there exists in the higher region of the atmosphere an electric fluid partaking of the properties of iron, or rather of magnetic steel; and that this fluid, doubtless from its magnetic property, assumes the form of cylindrical beams.' This view gains considerable weight from the opinion expressed by Mr Faraday, that if we could succeed in condensing the gaseous constituents of our atmosphere, some of them would be found to be metallic. The theory of storms is therefore connected with more than one class of natural phenomena, and with the profoundest questions now occupying the attention of scientific investigators. While waiting the results of further inquiry, we may test the value of an explanation by Dr Baddeley: 'Cyclones,' he says, 'may be the means by which accumulated electricity in the atmosphere is gradually discharged, and they may thus become powerful means by which evaporation on a large scale is effected, and rain produced; and the electro-magnetic spirals, having discharged their electricity and water, may be again lifted up to the higher regions of the atmosphere.'

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HAUTCŒUR.

SOME miles from Rouen, in one of the loveliest and most romantic spots in Normandy, arose the towers of the Château Hautcœur. Sheltered from the north by a noble range of darkly-wooded hills, but commanding the open country upon all other sides, its terraced gardens and stately avenues were in full enjoyment of the sunshine from morning to night, from the rising to the setting, and were spread with especial favour for the reception of all pleasant and kindly breezes from the south.

The first sight which met the bright eyes and impressed the incipient fancy of little Pierre Duverne, when he was able to toddle from his father's cottage-door, was the Château Hautcœur, rising in beauty and grandeur amidst the trees far away, the sunlight gleaming on the domes of its two towers and upon the cupola in the midst. His earliest walks extended to the great gates of the grand avenue, through which, up a long straight vista of noble trees and fresh green-sward, he could see the fine old mansion reposing in state—the fountains playing in the flowery parterre, and now and then gallant companies of gentlemen and youths and beautiful ladies walking hither and thither in graceful leisure, now crossing the avenue near at hand, so that their talk and laughter could be softly heard, and by and by recrossing it far up, like blessed inhabitants of an enchanted region, only to be seen by mortal eyes at rare intervals, and then but for a moment. It seemed to the peasant's little son a delicious privilege to be allowed to stand by the mighty gates, and look between their massive bars into this fairy-land. The Château Hautcœur, its towers, trees,

gardens, flowers, and fountains, and its lords and ladies promenading, were all in the mind of little Pierre one noble piece of actual, embodied poetry.

The first stories to which he listened, as he sat at his mother's feet by their cottage-door, when neighbourly peasants came to sit and gossip with his father in the evening, were stories of the high and noble house of Hautcœur, from old times to the present living descendants. They were histories of heroism and nobility of character, told in homely words; of the honour and bravery of knights and warriors; of the beauty and virtues of high-born ladies. Not a peasant in the whole district who had not his own traditions, descended from generations long back, of the noble house of Hautcœur; not a household for miles round but had some good cause to hold high in esteem and gratitude the noble house of Hautcœur. Outward influences thus chiming with innate predisposition, little Pierre learned to associate the house of Hautcœur with all that was grand and beautiful, both materially and spiritually; to look upon its high estate as the very topmost altitude of worldly rank and fortune; and upon its reputation for chivalric spirit, noble virtues, and personal beauty, as comprising all that was fine and estimable in the human character. As he grew from infancy to youth, the feeling grew also, and increased in strength, until it became almost a part of his nature, a sentiment continually active and participant in all his embryo aspirations and theories of life. Every sort of excellence bore, in his fancy, some affinity to the house of Hautcœur. All the little stories which charmed the lonely hours of his boyhood—telling of the valour and devotion of knights-errant—of the bravery of great warriors in the battle-field—of the magnanimity of mighty conquerors, even in the hour and flush of victory—of lovely princesses delivered from the snares of genii and enchanters by indomitable lovers—of broken hearts shrinking from the world, and hiding their sorrows beneath cowl of monk and veil of nun—of beautiful ladies going continually amongst the poor and wretched, and working miracles of beneficence—and all the romance that could fall within the reading of a peasant's child, were made to minister to the same devoted faith.

By and by, when the château happened to be open to the inspection of the curious, as the family of the marquis were spending some time in Paris, and little Pierre was taken by his father to behold the wonders of the interior, his reverential respect took a new turn; and now, in place of the house of Hautcœur having to do with armies in battle-array, giants, enchanters, monasteries, and convents, he began to associate it with the true, actual genii of the world—with inspired painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and men of learning and science. The picture-gallery; the sculpture-gallery; the museum, where were two small collections of remains carefully classified after the systems of Buffon and Cuvier; the conservatory and herbarium; the beautiful oratory, where the light was subdued and a holy tranquillity reigned, and the odour of the sacred incense was still perceptible, and where, by the side of the solemn organ, were ranged the grand masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini: all this was as the entry into a new world to the reverent little visitor, and transported his dreams from the ideality of romance to the idealism of art and talent. Oh! what could Pierre do with all the thoughts that possessed him about the house of Hautcœur? what path in life, what study, what occupation could he follow, that should harmonise with his dreams? The time for genii, enchanters, knights-errant, and so on, was altogether gone past; but he might become a great painter, sculptor, architect, musician, naturalist, or botanist, if he had talent for any one of these pursuits. These were in their heyday in the world, and the successful mastery of them was bringing men fame and fortune

still. But, then, he was poor. What artist would teach or make a protégé of a mere peasant's son, who had not money to pay for a single lesson? 'Alas!' sighed Pierre, 'I shall never become worthy the notice of the noble house of Hautcœur!'

'Ah, what sort of grumbling is that!' exclaimed Jean Duverne one day as he happened to hear the oft-repeated plaint. 'Why do you not set to work, my little son, instead of dreaming there? Look here, now. Are not these beautiful seedlings for the herbarium of my lord, the Marquis d'Hautcœur—and have I not been four years in bringing them to perfection, in order that they may be worthy of the château? Whatever is rare and exquisite, is sure to afford pleasure to his lordship.'

The hint was sufficient. Little Pierre, who, in chivalric emulation of the house of Hautcœur, was in the habit of giving some half of his breakfast, dinner, or supper, and all stray sous which, few and far between, fell into his possession, to the children of wandering vagrants, determined now to produce something which, on the next fête-day, when the peasantry were allowed to enjoy themselves in the grounds of the château, should be worthy of presentation to my lord or my lady. Our first productions are generally imitations, and for the present, Pierre could think of nothing but his father's seedlings, and their future place of honour in the herbarium of the château. He resolved to gather together an assortment of rare wild-flowers, of the most delicate and beautiful species that he could find. All the waysides, dells, and coppices of the country round, were ransacked by his eager eyes, and several fine and uncommon specimens of the myosotis, convolvulus, and other sorts of wild-flowers, collected and placed in his little garden, and there tended and nursed with as much care as if they had been priceless exotics. Pierre had a talent for carving with his knife too—not merely dogs' heads, or grotesque monsters on the knobs of sticks, but forms and simple designs of real grace and elegance, out of small blocks of wood. This talent he determined to press into the service of the present enterprise, and accordingly set about constructing a wooden pot or vessel, of some size, wherein to place the mould for his botanical specimens. Out of a block of pine, Pierre made a very handsome vase—with carved handles at either end, and bouquets of flowers and grapes at the sides.

The fête-day duly arrived. The peasantry of the neighbourhood flocked in their holiday attire to the grounds of the Château Hautcœur; along with them came Jean Duverne, with his rare and laboriously-raised seedlings in a large wooden box, and behind him his little son Pierre, with his pretty wild-flowers in the tastefully-carved vase. Now, you may be sure, the Marquis d'Hautcœur was no stranger to this sort of presentation: every fête-day, from time immemorial, had witnessed similar testimonials of respect from the children of the peasantry to the lord of the manor; and on the present occasion, little Pierre was not alone in his idea. There were models of castles, cathedrals, ships, &c., presented by other peasants' sons, all seeking the honour of a spare corner in the museum of the château. Such presentations had become so much a matter of course, that their acceptance, although always distinguished by the kindest good-will, was, indeed, a somewhat formal affair, like an ever-recurring ceremony. But Pierre was highly gratified and very proud—although he was but one amongst many, and though his interview with the grand people was short, and the words addressed to him few. He saw that his plants, and his carved handles, and groups of flowers, were admired, and was more than satisfied; and after playing and romping in the grounds with his little neighbours throughout the livelong day, went home in the evening to project great plans of future enterprise, in the way of objects for presentation to the

Marquis d'Hautecœur. To make matters short: when the next fête-day arrived, young Pierre, now grown a handsome lad, carried on his shoulders to the château a noble vase, carved all over with such extraordinary skill, and with such elegance of conception and design, that all who beheld it shouted: 'Bravo, Pierre Duverne!' and the marquis exhibited it to his lady with words of admiration, and to his sons and daughters, in the presence of the assembled peasantry. Pierre's heart leaped with pride and joy; a great ambition had found its proper culmination and reward. But when little Verienne d'Hautecœur, the youngest daughter of the marquis, with the golden hair and bright blue eyes, inspected the vase, and clapped her hands with delight, his heart leaped higher still; he blushed with rapture, and fell in love, poor boy, with a daughter of the noble house of Hautecœur upon the spot. And now he could not join his playmates as he had been wont to do, but sauntered listlessly here and there, seeking in the paths of the parterre, in the avenues through the wood, and at the windows of the château, another glimpse of the beautiful Verienne—a lover once and for ever.

As Pierre was now quite old enough to begin learning some vocation by which he could maintain himself, his father determined to send him forth from home, and had him placed with a relative in Paris, a sculptor, on account of the native talent which the lad evinced for that art. So Pierre proceeded to Paris, pondering whether he should persevere and become a great artist in his uncle's studio, or whether it would not be a finer thing to die shortly, all for the love of Verienne d'Hautecœur. A romantic death, however, is not always an easy affair; many a love-lorn youth and maiden has found that the heart is frequently stronger than the intellect, and will not break, however much the mind may be set upon it. Pierre was very much in love, but not exactly 'to the death;' and stimulated by change of scene, and the bustle and mental exercise involved in Parisian life, he resolutely embraced the first of the above alternatives, and resolved to become a great sculptor, like Canova or Thorwaldsen, and then to see if the Lady Verienne would listen to his suit. 'I will study and toil,' exclaimed he, 'till all the secrets of the sculptor's art are at my finger-ends. And these secrets I will marry to the secrets of my soul, for I will never rest till I can write in marble what I cannot speak in words—till I can produce works such as shall make the heart to leap, the tears to flow, the blood to tingle, or the brain to dance, of whoever beholds them. My saintly heads shall bid men turn and pray; my figures of joy, of grief, of rapture, of horror, shall strike their souls with kindred feeling, and play upon them as lightning plays on steel! Oh! Heaven help me to copy well its glorious works! I feel that they are graven on my heart, faithful and true—their life, their spirit, their splendour, their poetry—and if I can but teach my hand obedience to my mind, my dear ambition will be fully reached!'

So Pierre studied and toiled, early and late, with deep and proud devotion. His heart was in his work; and that being the case, rapid progress was not to be wondered at. But Paul Duverne, his uncle, did wonder much; and many a time, patting the young enthusiast's head, he bade him *bon voyage* to the summit of the high mountain, Art—which, declared Paul, he would reach if he did but persevere. And, indeed, Pierre did persevere, not with the dogged intensity of one merely determined to accomplish a certain thing, but with a fine, festal, rapturous energy, which triumphed and gloried in its strength and progress, with a true poet's ecstasy. Old Paul was at first surprised at the sort of being he discovered in his new pupil, and surprise by and by gave place to delight and pride. He had expected to discover in his peasant-brother's son a young dunce, whose boasted native

talent might possibly consist in an aptitude for cutting barbarous devices on sticks and blocks, and all which cleverness Paul would have to unteach him before he could enter the sacred portals of true art; but the country-boy had actually come to him a true *genio*, in healthy embryo, with a poet's soul already, and only wanting practical initiation and experience to enable him to exemplify the beautiful. And Paul beheld in the first crude offspring of his nephew's chisel, so daintily wielded by the small white hand, fine germs of promise—bright, unmistakable indications of a truly artistic mind, plain as the golden spangles in a block of quartz.

The hopeful, loving perseverance of a year may accomplish a great deal. Pierre proved it in his own case; for twelve months' experience with the chisel he had scarcely seen, ere he was at work upon a group of ideal figures of a description so pretentious, that in ordinary cases years of practice would have been consumed ere an artist would have dared so high a flight. For, all this time, Pierre had nursed his reverent feeling for the noble house of Hautecœur, and this was a work for presentation, and was wrought under the full inspiration of the sentiment which had dwelt in his inmost soul from his earliest years upwards, poetical and harmonious. In time, the group was finished; and proud Uncle Paul declared, with clasped hands, that it was a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*. Pierre had resolved to convey it himself to the Château Hautecœur. All preparations being made, driving a light cart, wherein the packing-case containing his grand work, all carefully wadded and swathed, was judiciously disposed, Pierre set out from Paris, and in a couple of days stood before his old home, receiving his father's welcome and returning his mother's kisses.

But, alas! there was sad news for the poor youth. The noble house of Hautecœur was ruined! the marquis, and all the members of his family, were separated, and dispersed no one knew whither; the château and gardens were closed; and all the splendid furniture, pictures, statuary, library, &c., were to be shortly sold off! Very little correspondence had passed betwixt Pierre and his parents, and the latter did not think it worth while to distress him by sending this bad news; so he received all the bitterness and disappointment of it at one choking gulp, just as he had arrived at the scene of his life-long dreams, full of the olden enthusiasm and a thousand new hopes. It was some time before he could credit the story; but he soon found it was all too true. Where were the marquis, the marquise, and the Lady Verienne? No one could tell him; all were gone away, and whither nobody knew. To find suddenly that one has been hoping in vain, and working fruitlessly for a long time—to know that the heart has been upheld, and the energies taxed to their highest power, by that which no longer exists, is bitter enough; but to lose the heart's true love, the mainspring of life, the inspiration of the present and the hope of the future, all at once, is quite a crushing calamity. A despair, which looked almost like dull and stupid idiocy, possessed poor Pierre, when he found the miserable tale was true; and he neither ate nor drank, nor wept nor laughed, and indeed barely spoke, before he started back for Paris, like one distracted, leaving his beautiful sculpture behind him, as if it were now not worth taking care of—of no use to any one. Madame Duverne, who knew the secret of her poor boy, clasped him to her breast, with many tears, as he departed, and bade him take heart, for some day the affairs of the house of Hautecœur might be set to rights, and then the marquis and all his people would come back again.

Returned to Paris, Pierre remained for some weeks in a state of the profoundest dejection. Uncle Paul was quite grieved and heart-sore to find the boy so stricken by his disappointment, and, surprised at the

long continuance of his despondency, began to think that the ruin of the noble house of Hautcœur would also prove the ruin of his promising young pupil. Growing out of patience at last, he endeavoured to reason with Pierre, and told him it was preposterous to expend so unreasonable an amount of sympathy upon people who had not been able to manage their own affairs, and who of course could care nothing about him. 'Bah!' cried the old man; 'the house of Hautcœur does not engross all the goodness of the world. Thank Heaven, they were not the only patrons of the arts, or I had starved long ago. Arouse ye, Pierre, and set to work! There are hundreds of connoisseurs and dilettanti waiting, impatiently, the advent of a new genius. Arouse ye, boy, and be that genius!'

But for the present, Pierre, the sentimental, spiritual lover and dreamer, was heart-broken, and had no mind, nor will, nor power to work. At length he fell ill of a violent fever, and lay for months in a most precarious state. His mother came up from the country to nurse and watch over him. Thanks to her constant care, notwithstanding the rudeness with which an unusually delicate and sensitive organisation had been assailed, he at length began to mend, and slowly returned to complete existence. By and by, a poor shadow of a youth crept, leaning upon his parent's faithful arm, forth from his close chamber into the fresh air.

'Pierre, poor boy, I begin to lose faith in thee!' said Uncle Paul, mournfully, one evening, as he sat beside the youth, shortly after the latter had risen from his sick-bed. 'I thought at one time that thou hadst the soul of a true artist; but I fear, boy, thou wert only inspired by the poor hope of pleasing a patron. And now thou hast found thy patron to be an absolute phantom, all thy thoughts of art leave thee, and thou sickenest almost to the death.'

Pierre's pale cheek flushed: it was not true. He was an artist in his very soul—but what did it matter, now she was gone! He answered not; but tears filled his eyes and trickled down his thin face, for his heart throbbed almost to bursting at the thought of all the grand hopes and ambitions, and the bright, happy enthusiasm lost to him for ever.

Uncle Paul, however, knew not the secret of the youth's malady, and continued to reproach him, mostly in a kindly manner, but oftentimes bitterly, for his apathy and waste of time and talent. These kindly scoldings were not without good effect; and the gradual return of health, and the softening influence of time, allayed the poignancy of his sufferings, and Pierre sadly entered the *atelier* again, to recommence work. One day, the bright thought occurred to him (strange it had not done so before, but such is the waywardness of youthful feeling), that it was by no means impossible that he might behold the Lady Verienne again some day, even should the house of Hautcœur never be reinstated. The hope took root; and with firm, settled, and stern determination, in place of his once buoyant, fantastic fervour, he resumed his art-work.

In two years, the name of Pierre Duverne became well known. He had worked sedulously and successfully. Two of his productions, a couple of figures, 'Despair' and 'Hope,' had been admitted to the Louvre, and had attracted much attention by their poetical beauty and exquisite truth. By the time the young sculptor had attained his twenty-first year, he had accomplished several *chefs-d'œuvres*—had become known, even to a degree of celebrity—was intrusted with commissions of a high and important character—was growing wealthy—and, as is usually the case with fortunate men, was much courted and flattered. With a gay company of careless, high-spirited young artists at his heels, and with this accession of wealth and honour in the heyday of life, Pierre had many strong temptations to a career of *insouciance* and dissipation; but the early sentiments of purity and refinement,

so curiously instilled into his nature by his romantic estimation of the house of Hautcœur, interfered to prevent any degeneracy of this description, and kept him to his onward course—a gentleman and an artist.

A new direction was shortly given to all his thoughts by a most unexpected occurrence. There entered his studio one day a lady and gentleman, who had gained admission by application to Uncle Paul. Pierre happened to be intently occupied at the moment—engaged, indeed, in perfecting a peculiar shade of expression upon a face—and with a slight and vague feeling of irritation at a prospect of interruption, he continued his work. The visitors, ushered in by the proud and reverent Uncle Paul, looked on in silence. Presently, Pierre, with a low sigh of satisfaction at having accomplished an intention, and transferred to enduring stone the conception of the moment, raised his head, turned round, and stood rooted to the spot in amazement and confusion. There stood the Marquis d'Hautcœur and his daughter Verienne. Both were altered since he had seen them years ago, but there was no mistaking them. The marquis had grown gray, and a deep shade of anxiety and thought overspread his once hearty features; the Lady Verienne was now a woman of a fine and elegant presence—her face matured into superlative beauty, and her once golden hair a sunny brown.

'Art thou really the same Pierre Duverne,' said the marquis, holding out his hand to Pierre, and surveying him curiously but respectfully, 'the son of Jean, once a tenant of our own upon the estate Hautcœur, whom I remember to have presented me some clever pieces of wood-carving?'

'The same,' said Pierre much agitated. 'Receive, then, my warmest congratulations, and my best wishes for your future. Things are not with me as they once were,' he continued sadly, 'or I might have given you some more satisfactory testimony of my admiration of your genius and sympathy with your fortunes. As it is, you must take my bare word, young friend. I was anxious to see you, for I have not forgotten the time that is past, and the circumstances that are no more—there is not one of all who were once around me in whom I do not feel an interest; and I am much gratified in being able to see you, and assure you of my respect and regard, though probably these are not much worth to him who has won fame and fortune by the splendid labours of his own hands.'

How beautifully the dignified modesty and frankness of these few words chimed in with Pierre's old dreams! No reverses of fortune could injure the fine spirit of the house of Hautcœur. With much emotion he expressed his heartfelt thanks.

Meanwhile, the Lady Verienne was looking round the studio at Pierre's works and fragments. The artist saw that her cheek glowed and her eyes flashed with delight. It was no wonder, for Pierre had extraordinary power in reaching and touching the heart. The marquis himself inspected with much attention the objects around him. 'Well?' said he to Verienne, significantly glancing round the place, as he took her hand to lead her to the door.

'Beautiful! exquisite!' said she softly, as if in reply to his look; 'I could look at them the whole day!'

They had been gone some time before Pierre completely recovered his presence of mind, and then he began to regret that he had not endeavoured to discover where they were living. But they were gone now, and he could only trust to the future. With renewed energy, and a certain in-rushing of glorious thoughts and hopes, he returned to his work. But the Lady Verienne—did she not seem like a queen in his *atelier*? and was she not a daughter of a long and proud lineage? while he, rich and famous as he might be, was still but a peasant's son. The gulf to be passed was wide and perilous.

'Bravo!' cried Uncle Paul one morning, as he entered the studio; 'the house of Hautcœur will soon be set to rights again! There is a grand marriage this morning at St Roch—the Duc de Varre to Mademoiselle, the daughter of the good old marquis! The duc has an ocean of money, and soon the Château Hautcœur will open its gates again!'

Without a word, Pierre seized his hat, and rushed from the house. A few minutes brought him to the church of St Roch, in the Rue Honoré. The marriage was just consummated. A large crowd had gathered round the doors. In indescribable agitation, Pierre mingled in the motley group, and awaited the coming forth of the bridal-party. A long line of handsome equipages was drawn up before the great door, which presently was thrown wide open, and a gallant party immediately came forth. 'Voilà l'épousée!'—'Voilà la nouvelle-mariée!'—'Voilà l'époux!' murmured many voices in the throng, as a nobly handsome couple appeared. 'Thank God!' It was not the Lady Verienne! She walked behind her sister, more lovely than ever, clad in white satin, and wearing roses in her beautiful hair, leaning upon the arm of the venerable marquis.

'What! Pierre Duverne?' The duc stopped suddenly as he was entering his carriage, his newly-wedded wife having just ascended. With one foot resting upon the step, he paused, raised his hat, and extended his hand towards Pierre. The latter approached, grasped the proffered palm, and in a few simple but impressive words, congratulated the bridegroom upon the occasion, and wished him many years of happiness.

'Even in this moment, which at any rate ought to be one of unalloyed delight,' said the Duc de Varre, 'a pang seizes me to think how thou hast been forgotten, glorious Duverne! Thank Heaven for this opportune meeting, for you shall be the lustre of my wedding-breakfast. Our friends have already disposed of their carriage-room; but—enter here! for thou shalt sit by the side of me, as Jove said to the poet! I am very proud to know thee, Duverne, as I ought to be, and would fain honour myself by having thee near me.'

Pierre hurriedly endeavoured to excuse himself: he was not in fit apparel—he had but just quitted his studio—it would not be becoming; but the duc, who had long been one of Pierre's warmest admirers, and had given him the heartiest encouragement at the commencement of his career, shook his hand with an undeniable grace, told him his protestations were vain, handed him into the carriage, and followed himself. In this fashion was Pierre introduced to the Duchess de Varre, the eldest daughter of the noble house of Hautcœur, and brought into actual social contact with the members of that high-born family, his own finely-toned idea of whose virtues and genius had exercised a talismanic and beautiful influence upon his life, and had mainly contributed to stimulate him to the attainment of his present honourable position.

At the grand wedding-breakfast of the Duc de Varre, he who was there by accident, who was not in bridal-array, the son of that peasant Duverne, who still lived in his humble cottage far away in pleasant Normandy—he was the observed of all observers, the 'lucky stranger' whose acquaintance all were proud to make—who was greeted with epithets of eulogy and congratulation—who sat at the right hand of the venerable Marquis d'Hautcœur, at whose left, all radiant and angelic, was the bright spirit of many a grand dream, of many an artist's rhapsody—the Lady Verienne.

'The good duc is worthy to be mated with a daughter of the house of Hautcœur,' thought Pierre. 'One needs but to have done something well, to have exerted one's utmost powers, to secure the honour of his generous friendship. All who come within the pale of this morally august family, seem to be gifted with true nobility of soul!'

When Pierre discovered how, for some years, the marquis had been living in Paris upon limited means preserved from the wreck of his fortunes—a wreck brought about by a series of untoward occurrences, which had been out of his power to control, and for which he was by no means accountable—living, himself and his two daughters, in strict privacy and humble economy, and yet preserving throughout all the profoundest esteem and consideration of every grade of society, from the highest aristocracy in France to the humblest *boutiquier* who supplied their wants, Pierre's heart burned to see him restored to his old position of honour and competence. Thanks to the Duc de Varre, Pierre henceforth enjoyed the friendship, and shortly the intimacy of the marquis, whose family was now limited to himself and Verienne. Meanwhile, save to them he was but rarely seen abroad, for he was engaged upon a great work. This by and by was completed; and all the dilettanti of France, and many from abroad, crowded to his studio, to inspect the fruits of his industry. Four magnificent groups of statuary, of exquisitely beautiful conception and marvellous workmanship, were there—all the work of Pierre's soul and hand. These, valuable almost beyond price, Pierre presented to the Marquis d'Hautcœur.

'Duverne! Duverne!' exclaimed the marquis with tears in his eyes, 'what can I do with these? I have no longer château or museum, and these priceless gifts so sharply chide my poor lot, it were a mockery to accept them. I cannot, must not!'

'They are works of some repute,' said Pierre modestly; 'the nation will be glad to possess them for some of the palaces or the Louvre. You must accept them for my sake; but if you cannot keep them, I shall be pleased to see them in some great collection.'

A short time afterwards, a deputation of officers connected with the Louvre waited upon the marquis, and very cautiously asked some questions respecting the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the sculptor Duverne. A negotiation of some delicacy followed, which ended in the purchase of the group for the Louvre at a sum of many thousand francs.

'Well done!' exclaimed the marquis. 'Here, princely Duverne, are the proceeds of thy wondrous labours!'

'Monsieur,' answered Duverne, stepping up to the marquis, and addressing him with impressive emphasis, 'I offered the groups to you, and I understood you had done me the honour to accept them; but if I have misapprehended you, I will immediately recall them to my studio, and reduce them to fragments!'

'Recall them, and break them to pieces!' exclaimed the marquis apprehensively, and taken off his guard. 'Thou canst not do that rash mischief, Duverne; they have passed out of thy hands. Having done thy best upon them, thou canst not do thy worst, for they are no longer thine.'

'I am content!' exclaimed the happy Duverne; and he hurried from the house.

The merit of these groups procured Pierre a cross of the Legion of Honour. Having now attained a position which would save him from any imputation of presumption, he began earnestly to prosecute his suit with the Lady Verienne; and wooed her as successfully as he had wooed the goddess—Art. In the chapel of the Château Hautcœur, now repurchased by the aged marquis, and reappointed in something like the olden splendour, the famous artist Duverne espoused the Lady Verienne; and in that château he resided, happy and honoured, to the end of his days.

O that every young genius might catch some such master-thought as did Pierre Duverne! 'Practical men' may pooh-pooh; but it is not 'all nonsense.' However thoughts and sentiments may arise, by whatever singular and apparently far-fetched associations they may be prompted, it is a fine thing to find an æsthetic key-note tuning the mind and heart to exalted

thoughts, fancies, ideas of life, and duty. The grandest attribute of manhood—under the power to entertain a conception of deity, and to worship—is the ability to set the mind upon some fine degree of perfection, upon some idea beyond one's self, and towards that to work truthfully and loyally throughout life.

SECRET SERVICE-MONEY.

By a recent publication of the Camden Society, many interesting particulars are added to our knowledge of certain royal and official proceedings that took place some two centuries ago. The volume, of which the title appears below,* is edited by Mr Akerman, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. He tells us, that it 'contains an account of moneys received and expended for what are termed "the secret services" of King Charles II. and King James II., from the 30th March 1679 to the 25th December 1688.' It thus embraces a portion of three reigns, rendered famous by a variety of circumstances, and reveals a few secrets not without value to the present race of readers.

During the period in question—nine years and three-quarters—the keeper of the accounts received the sum of £565,573, 15s. 5½d., the whole of which was expended, except a balance of £341, 5s. 6½d., when he gave in his statement to the government of William III. The bulk of the expenditure was on behalf of the monarchs, and comprised 'payments and allowances to private persons, for services rendered to the crown.' There are not fewer than twenty-eight entries of payments to Titus Oates, who received £48 per month, 'for dyet,' besides larger and smaller sums occasionally 'as of free gift and royal bounty;' from all of which we may infer that his plot paid him pretty well. Indeed, the conspiracy and 'discoveries' and 'apprehensions' arising out of it, cost altogether a good round sum. One William Bedloe got £150 'for maintaining witnesses in town about the plott,' and Stephen Dugdale £200 for similar service; and connected with the same subject, the entries against the name of Millicent Hanson embody a significant *morçeau* of history. First she gets £10 'for her relief, till her pretences be examined abt Whitebread;' presently £10 more 'in full for services in discovering priests;' then £20 'in full, for taking of Jesuits;' and last, £15 'to Mary Collingham, for charges of keeping and burying Millicent Hanson, who was wounded by Papists.' After a time occurs the name of John Hanson, perhaps her brother; he was paid £20, and there the history ends. But it is not obscure individuals alone whose names appear in the list; there are many that have won either an honourable or dishonourable notoriety—Kirke, Dangerfield, Verrio, Lee, Rochester, Gwynn, Shaftesbury, Howard of Effingham, Pepys, &c.

Some of the entries are curious: Mary Simpson, keeper of Bridewell, received divers sums 'for keeping a Frenchman in her custody who will owne no name,' besides an extra 'for phisick, nurses, and washing his cloaths for about 3 years.' Mary Heathley, 'whose husband blew up Whitley Fort at Tanger, and lost his life there,' had an indemnity of £60; and a similar sum was paid to the bishop of London 'for transportation of three chaplains to the Leeward Islands.' The 'fees and carriage of four brace of bucks, presented to the city,' amounted to £6, 15s. 6d.; and Thomas Cheek, Esq., received £18 'for the bargeman that carried the late Viscount Stafford seven times from the Tower to Westminster Hall;' and on April 30, 1681, an item appears: 'To John Dryden, poet-laureate, on his an'ty, due at Lady-day 1679—£50. Oates and

Chiffinch got their money more regularly than the poet did. The expedition to Tangier seems to have produced a host of claimants; and one entry reminds us of the stirring strife that went on from time to time with the Dutch: more than £1400 was paid to Francis Dorrington for the 'shippe Leister, sunk for his said Majestie's service at Blackwall, on approach of the Dutch fleet in June 1687.' In another, we see the Speaker's pay: William Williams, Esq., got 'a free gift, in consid'ac'on of his dyett, at the rate of 5½ p. diem, as Speaker to the late House of Com'ons, for 8 dayes—£40;' in contrast with whom we may place Duke Lauresten, who, 'for bringing hawkes from the Duke of Curlande,' got £50; and the £100 to John Cottereau 'for roots and flowers for his said Majestie's use.'

Among what may be considered as unexceptionable items are, 'To William Morgan, cosmographer, bounty, for his encouragement in taking an actual survey of the cities of London and Westminster, and describing the same in a mapp—£200;' also the fee of £8 for copying and engrossing the documents relative to the 'ground and houses bought by his said late Majestie to enlarge St James' Park;' and perhaps the £100 'toward repaving of the town of Windsor.' There are four entries of clocks and clock-work—one for the Treasury Chambers, another for Whitehall Chapel, and a third, £215 'paid Saml Watson, for a clock he sold his late Ma'tie wch shews the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and many other motions.' The enlargement, levelling, and laying out of St James's Park form the subject of numerous disbursements; as also 'the repaying the Pall Mall,' and for keeping up the 'ducaty' and 'volary' within the same park. There are also £200 paid 'to Mr Shish for a yacht.' Ellen Ogleshorpe, 'sempstress and laundress' to Charles II., it appears, had to wait for her money as well as Dryden, for in January 1683 she received £502, 10s., 'at the rate of 15s p. diem for 670 daies.' In the following year, £100 was given to the bishop of London, to be distributed among the poor of the metropolis, 'in respect of the extreme hard weather;' followed soon after by £200 more. Many entries occur of rewards paid for information concerning 'coyners and clippers,' who at that time appear to have been a numerous and daring class; and a certain John Edwards for giving 'evidence agst Thomas Row, of Dover, who with others had exported several packs of wool out of the kingdom,' was recompensed with £20; and for 'charge and service in prosecuting dissenters,' Benja Crammer received a bounty of £100.

Wycherley, the poet and dramatist, figures in the list as the recipient of a bounty of £200, 'to enable him to pay his debts, to redeem him out of prison.' A few pages further, we find £34, 12s. down 'to Henry Purcell, for so much money by him disbursed and craved for providing and setting up an organ in the abbey-church of Westm'r for the solemnity of the coronation, and for the removing the same, and other services performed in his said Ma'tie's chappell.' Literature is mentioned more than once; £25 were paid to Claudius Bardon, 'which King Charles the Second intended to give him as an encouragement for compiling, engraving, and printing a book, entitled, the Treasury of Arithmetick;' and among other entries of similar character, £215 were paid to the king's stationer 'for Church Bibles, Com'on Prayer-books, and other books delivered to Sir Richd Dutton, Governor of Barbados, for the use of the island, and to others, governors of the foreigne plantacions,' and £15 for the 'anthems, with symphonies, for King Charles the 2d's use in his chapel royal.' A few pages further, £130 are paid to the joiner and plumber 'for involving in lead the corps of King Charles the Second, and for making the inside and outside coffins, and providing the rich furniture for the same.' And then come the important entries: 'To Anthony Thorold and Samuel

* *Moneys Received and Paid for Secret Services of Charles II. and James II., from 30th March 1679 to 25th December 1688.* Edited from a Manuscript in the possession of William Seiby Lowndes, Esq., by John Yonge Akerman, Esq. Printed for the Camden Society. 1851.

Dassell, that came from Lyme, in Dorsetshire, to bring tydings that the Duke of Monmouth was there landed in hostile manner, each L.20 'free guilt'; 'an express from the army' was rewarded with L.10, and L.100 each was paid to two other individuals 'for bringing an account that the late Duke of Monmouth was taken'; another, who brought 'the colours of the late duke,' got L.10. Several other sums are down on account of the rebellion, the greatest being L.5644 'to Richard Lord Lumley.'

The colonies in the West Indies and North America are frequently mentioned, the sums entered against them being for the 'transportation'—as the passage was then called—of chaplains or other officials to the new settlements. Some of the amounts, however, appear to have been paid to needy or importunate individuals to enable them to pass over sea, as perhaps the most effectual way of shaking them off. In the then recent domestic convulsions, many persons, doubtless, found an excuse for pressing a claim. The sums paid to the Duchess of Portsmouth were enormous; in the year 1681 alone, they amounted to L.136,668, 10s.; Mistress Ellinor Gwynn, however, appears in the list but four times—the last entry being L.375 for her funeral.

Several of the items shew that the events of the civil war had not been forgotten. A bounty of L.10 was paid yearly to Richard Yates, whose father 'conducted his said late Majestie from Worcester to White Ladies after the battle there, and suffered death under the usurper Cromwell.' The Pendrells, too, had no reason to repent of the part they took in promoting the monarch's escape, as L.1428, 6s. 8d. was paid on different occasions to several members and connections of the family, besides annuities of L.100 to the principal actors in the adventure. So far as can be judged, the Pendrells were plain, practical people, who employed usefully the sums granted to them. Thus, Jane, the widow of John, had L.80, 'to put forth apprentices her 4 children'; and a grandson L.20, 'to sett him up to his trade of a shoemaker'; and William Pendrell L.200, 'to enable him to set up his trade of a goldsmith.'

Apart from political considerations, it is pleasing to know that services rendered by the Worcestershire peasant at so critical a period of Charles's fortunes, were afterwards gratefully remembered and recompensed; the figures which record them stand out in agreeable relief among the sums lavished on less worthy objects. We close our brief notice of the Camden Society's interesting publication by remarking, that the political economist, the philosopher, and moralist, will each find in it valuable information and food for reflection.

GLASS-WALLS.

Or the many difficulties with which gardening has to contend in Britain, our ungenial climate offers the most formidable; indeed gardening in this country may be regarded as a perpetual war against climate. In an especial manner is this the case in the northern parts of our island, where cold and fog conspire to blast the opening buds of spring and the ripening fruits of autumn. This has the effect of whetting the wits of our gardeners; they seek by all the appliances of their art to make up for the badness of the climate; and when fortune leads them to a more genial atmosphere, they carry with them an amount of skill, as well as habits of persevering industry, which the inhabitant of the sunny south is never called upon to exercise on the teeming fields that require little care or culture: hence the success of our northern gardeners, whose professional excellence is proverbial throughout the world.

While many excellent fruits are freely cultivated in the open air, there are many more which require the protection of the hothouse to be grown to perfection—such are pine-apples, grapes, peaches, figs, &c. Even

the French pear, and other fine varieties of fruit-trees usually deemed hardy, require to be trained under the protection of a wall, in order to ripen their fruit and fully develop their rich aroma. The protection afforded by a brick or stone wall, however, is not to be depended upon; after a warm dry day it gives out by radiation a sufficiency of heat to prevent the chill air of night from affecting the fruit; but when the blossom-buds are on the trees, if a sharp spring frost should follow, as it frequently does, a day of cold and wet, then the whole crop is destroyed. Even if this precarious stage should be got over safely, a moist, sunless autumn is apt to prevent the ripening of the fruit; added to which, the ravages of wasps and other insects, and the devastations of birds—not to speak of children and nursery-maids—all tend to lead the gardener's care and attention to a fruitless end. Various means have been devised to ward off such casualties. Nettings of various kinds have been tried, and in many cases with advantage, to protect the trees. Walls have been built of stone, of bricks, and of other materials; they have been placed at all inclinations at which brick and mortar will hold together, and have even been laid flat on their backs on banks facing the sun; they have been placed in various aspects—to catch the rising sun, to catch the noon-day sun, and to catch the setting sun; they have been painted of various colours, as well as made of various materials; even wooded-walls have been tried—but all with trifling result; none have proved equal to the object aimed at. Walls, heated internally with fire-flues, were once the rage, and they may still be seen in many good old gardens; walls with overhanging copings, of varied breadths, in various positions, and at various inclinations, have all had their day, and are in their turn giving way to other improvements. No system of horticultural protection, save that of complete hothouses, has been found sufficient to provide security to the gardener against the influences of our ever-varying climate.

The attention of horticulturists, however, has recently been called to a modification of the hothouse as applicable to outdoor gardening, or rather to the successful and sure culture of the less hardy fruits which do not require fire-heat. Ewing's patent glass-walls are henceforth to secure the cultivator against untimely frosts, and to facilitate the ripening of his tender fruits. These 'walls' are constructed of a double framework, glazed, and of an ornamental character. The fruit-trees are trained inside of the hollow wall; and the sashes are made to open like sliding-doors, in order that access may be readily had to the trees. The whole is very portable, and may be put up and taken down as required; and therefore the invention seems to be well fitted for those who are not proprietors of the gardens they cultivate. Now that glass is cheap, we may almost hope that such a contrivance as this will enable the workman to indulge in the luxury of cultivating for his family a little vineyard or peach-house in his humble cottage-garden. In its present form, however, the glass-wall is intended for gardens of a different class. It will serve to displace those ugly brick-walls which intersect many of our best gardens, at once marring their beauty, and rendering much of the soil unproductive; and more than this, it will enable the gardener to produce crops of fruit superior to any that could be ripened on the common wall. The efficiency of glass-walls is thus spoken of by a practical man, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette*:—'Having heard many remarks passed upon glass-walls, I determined to see and judge for myself. Being informed that there was one erected, and in full operation, at Bodorgan Hall, Anglesea, I paid three visits to those celebrated gardens. The first was in April last; but the trees had been so recently planted, and some of them very large ones, I could not form any idea of their utility, but the appearance was truly magnificent. I accordingly

visited them again in July, when I was astonished at the progress the trees had made: they consisted of peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, figs, &c. I measured some of the leaves of the peach-trees, and found them to be a foot in length, and in a very healthy state: but then I had some misgivings whether the wood would get sufficiently ripened—perhaps merely from preconceived notions, for the trees presented no indications of such results. Be that as it may, however, this induced a third visit a few weeks ago, when I found the trees quite bare of foliage, the wood very solid and well ripened to the extremity of the shoots, and not a gross or unfruitful branch to be perceived. I may add another advantage connected with hollow glass-walls—namely, that the border on the north side of such walls, whose aspect is north and south, is equally productive with any other part of the garden. This is a considerable item where a great extent of wall is erected.

Glass-walls are manifestly unsuitable as boundary-walls to gardens; and that they should ever have been suggested for this purpose, can be accounted for only by the scarcity of building materials in many parts of England. Hollow glass-walls—as now understood—can never make a good fence; and the sooner the idea is abandoned by our horticultural theorists, the better. It has been shewn, however, how boundary-walls of stone or brick may have a glass covering, so as to adapt them for the culture of tender fruit-trees equally well with glass-walls; and as existing brick-walls may be covered with glass at a much less expense than the erection of independent glass-walls would cost, it will be the prudent way in most gardens to adopt this plan.

The Crystal Palace has had a wonderful effect in extending the use of glass in connection with horticulture, and glass-walls are no doubt to be regarded as one of the many improvements which it suggested.

GOOD ADVICE.

A jeweller, writing to the *Times*, suggests that, to prevent the fraudulent sale of 'gold' chains and jewellery, whenever a purchase is made of any article of jewellery purporting to be gold, the public should request a bill to be made out, and see that it is described as solid sterling gold, or solid standard gold. If the shopkeeper hesitates and talks instead of giving such a bill, they may be sure a fraud is intended. In the purchase of watches with 'gold dials,' the purchaser should insist on that being specified in the bill. If the shopkeeper demurs, or acknowledges it is only a gilt or silver-gilt dial, the public may rest assured the watch altogether is of a very inferior quality, more particularly if the inner bottom, where you wind the watch up, is also of polished metal to resemble gold.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea—about twice the height of St Paul's, in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh—and to fall these 800 feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—*Arnott's Physics.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

BENEATH the budding lilacs

A little maiden sighed—
The first flower in her garden
That very morn had died.

A primrose tuft, transplanted,
And watered every day,
One yellow bud had opened,
And then it pined away.

I thought, as that child's sorrow
Rose wailing on the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Long bound in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We're all some desert garden
Where Life's first primrose died!

ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

ICEBERGS.

A great many icebergs were seen, as the ships lay motionless in the water; and as they appeared to run together on the far distant horizon, an idea arose that they were so close, that no ships could pass between them. Some of them were in the form of large square cubes, with flat and horizontal tops; others, again, presented every variety of form—now resembling cities and villages, now ruins; and again, you might imagine one to be a solitary country church, in the modest Gothic style, rising beautifully above the level plain, on the distant horizon, and adding a sacred charm to everything around it: some appeared to be loaded with huge boulders and mud, shortly to be precipitated into the sea which bore them along; while others were yielding themselves submissively to the wasting influence of the sea, and the powerful rays of the sun. There was one iceberg which was particularly noticed, because it never shifted its position, when others, of rather larger size, were drifting to and fro with the tides. It was about 200 feet in height above the surface of the sea, and its perpendicular sides, which were nearly equal, were not less than two miles in length. The upper surface was horizontal, but very irregular, appearing as if it had been planted over with rough and irregularly conical eminences, packed closely together, and varying in height from twelve to twenty or thirty feet. The water-lines at the level of the ice around it were also horizontal. There seemed to be no reason for any other opinion than this, that it had never changed its centre of gravity since it descended into the sea, and had become detached from the glacier which gave it birth. The cubic contents and weight of such a floating world are truly astonishing. This berg displaced upwards of eighteen thousand millions of cubic feet of water, while its contents must have been nearly twenty-three thousand millions of cubic feet, and its weight nearly five hundred and forty millions of tons!—*Dr Sutherland's Journal.*

HUMAN BODIES FOUND IN GUANO.

From the ship *Brandscompt*, unloading Peruvian guano at Leith, there were exhumed the remains of three persons, evidently Peruvians, buried in the guano, and which had apparently not been disturbed in the process of loading the ship. The remains illustrate a curious property in the guano in preserving bones, hair, and clothes, while completely decomposing flesh. It is not known when the bodies were originally interred, but the bones were all found as entire as if they had been preserved in a museum, the hair remained upon the skull, and the clothes were very little decayed.—*North British Mail.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & CO., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.